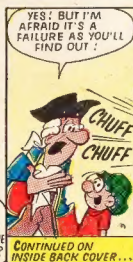
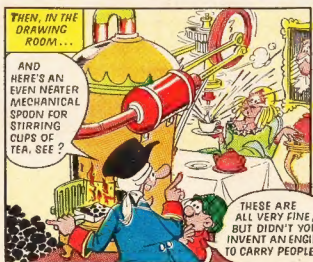
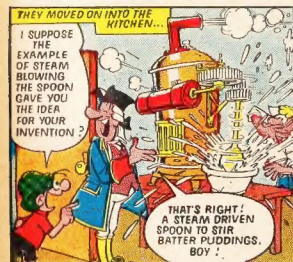
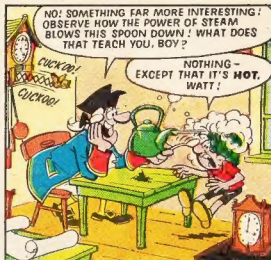


BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY and **Giggle** 27th APRIL, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espaa Pes. 100; Nederland Fl. .45; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 50; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.



THE SPACE-CREATURE'S CRY ALERTED JIM AND DANNY TO POSSIBLE DANGER!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he took refuge on a small island off the coast. Then the companions saw a fishing village, and in one of the houses they made a startling discovery...



DANNY, THESE AREN'T REAL PEOPLE AT ALL! THEY'RE DUMMIES!

B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S GOING ON?



QUICKLY, THE TWO BOYS RAN DOWN THE STREET...

IT-IT'S THE SAME IN EVERY HOUSE! LIKE SOME SORT OF WEIRD GHOST TOWN!

THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION, BUT—



JIM BROKE OFF AS TINY GALAXUS SUDDENLY POINTED AHEAD IN ALARM...

OOOOH-UUUH!

HE'S SEEN SOMETHING, JIM... OUT TO SEA!



AND THERE, JUST VISIBLE ON THE HORIZON...

SHIPS! THREE OF THEM...

I DON'T LIKE IT, DANNY—THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING THIS WAY!



HALF AN HOUR WENT BY. AT LAST, DANNY REALISED THE GRIM TRUTH...

GOSH, THEY LOOK LIKE NAVAL VESSELS!

YES... JAPANESE DESTROYERS! BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY DOING HERE?

A BARRAGE OF SHELLS THREATENED THE TRAPPED COMPANIONS!

QUITE SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY AN EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSION NEARBY...

YAAARH...

BAROOM!

THREE MORE SHELLS ROCKED THE GROUND... AND JIM JONES BECAME AWARE OF THE ROLE OF THE DUMMY FIGURES...

RUN, DANNY, RUN! THE NAVY IS USING THIS VILLAGE FOR TARGET PRACTICE!

THE WHOLE ISLAND IS A NAVAL FIRING RANGE! THE HOUSES AND DUMMIES WERE PUT THERE DELIBERATELY!

Y-YOU MEAN, SO THAT THEY COULD FIND OUT WHAT EFFECT THEIR SHELLS WOULD HAVE?

DANNY GASPED...

T-THEN WE HAVEN'T A HOPE! THE BOMBARDMENT'S GETTING WORSE EVERY SECOND...

YOU'RE RIGHT! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE FOR THE MAINLAND AGAIN...

ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US NOW, GALAXUS! GROW TO GIANT SIZE, OLD FRIEND! HURRY!

MUUUUH!

FRIGHTENED THOUGH HE WAS, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE OBEYED AT ONCE...

WELL DONE! HOLD US TIGHT, GALAXUS! NOW JUMP INTO THE SEA AND SWIM FOR IT!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, GALAXUS WAS LEAPING FOR THE WAVES—BUT ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LEADING DESTROYER...

LOOK, MY CAPTAIN... OVER THERE!

THE MONSTER! IT... IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE...

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

QUICKLY ASSESSING THE SITUATION,
THE CAPTAIN WHIRLED...



SWIFTLY, THE
MIGHTY GUNS
SWIVELLED TO THEIR
NEW TARGET - AND
SECONDS LATER...



REACHING THE BEACH,
THE FRIGHTENED TOIL-
CREATURE STOOD UP...



GALAXUS SAW A TINY, WHISTLING
OBJECT STREAK TOWARDS HIM,
AND INSTINCTIVELY HE
REACHED OUT...



WONDERING WHAT TO DO,
GALAXUS TURNED...



FRANTICALLY, THE ALARMED SPACE-CREATURE
WHIRLED, TOSSING THE SHELL
WILDLY OVER HIS SHOULDER...



AND NEXT
MOMENT...



WILL GALAXUS'S MISFORTUNE COST MANY LIVES? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

MY ADDRESS:
BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY
CLUB,
1-2 BEAR ALLEY,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, EC4 (Comp.)

Win a RIDE-A-ROO!



It's the latest, greatest action craze! Read below how you can win a Ride-A-Roo, FREE!

YOU'LL be the star attraction as you bounce around the neighbourhood astride one of these super "bucking broncos"—and I'm giving away FIVE in this week's Club competition, plus awards for 20 runners-up!

WHAT TO DO: The picture on the right shows a cowboy in a typical Western scene. There are several objects beginning with the letter R in the picture. Just find ten—no more, no less—and list them neatly on a postcard with your full name, date of birth, and address. Print "COWBOY" in the top left corner (address side), ask an adult to sign it as your own, unaided work and post to reach the Club not later than Thursday, 2nd May.

This is a "members-only" competition, mind, but that includes newcomers who send in the joining form right away.

Ride-A-Roos will be awarded for the five nearest, correct entries, age being taken into account, and there are "Surprise" parcels waiting for 20 runners-up!



Hey, Date Spotters... PICK A PRIZE!

25th OCTOBER, 1960

8th AUGUST, 1959

27th MAY, 1957

23rd APRIL, 1956

15th FEBRUARY, 1958

2nd DECEMBER, 1961

Join here
FREE

LOOK, chums—more award-winning dates on display! Check them all carefully, 'cos if the exact day, month and year of your birth is among them, and provided you joined the Club before Monday, 15th April, you can claim any one of these prizes: Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Pocket Knife.

Print your choice of prize on a postcard, and add your full name, address and date of birth. Now win the award by solving this easy puzzle. Just change ONE letter in each of the following words to make four parts of the human head.

CHIP NOTE SOUTH CHEER

List the answers neatly on your postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 2nd May. Overseas members have until 22nd August. More dates next week!

BEEN waiting to join my super Club! Well now's your chance! Just fill in this form and you can take part in the Club fun immediately by entering the "COWBOY" competition. Post your joining form and entry card in the same envelope!

You become a member the moment I receive your joining form—no membership cards, no club rules, and best of all—it's FREE! But if you want our smashing Club Badge to wear, fill in the bottom form as well and enclose a shilling postal order. (Overseas readers must send International Reply Coupons, NOT postal orders). If you don't want the badge send the top form only!

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am, or am becoming, a regular reader of your comic. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form before.

MY FULL Names are
MY FULL Address is

I was born on:

DAY OF MONTH
(in figures)

MONTH

YEAR



The Club Badge costs one shilling plus postage.

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d. stamp where shown, and enclose with a shilling postal order.

Name
Address

Stick 4d stamp firmly here for return postage

If delivered please return to:
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley,
Farrington Street, London, EC4 (Comp.).

HURRY... HURRY... HURRY!



There's an ever increasing demand for my popular fun-paper, chums! So make sure of your copy by placing a regular order with your newsagent or bookstall manager for...

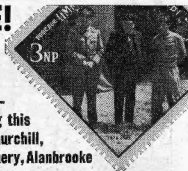
BUSTER
and Giggie 7d

FREE!

99 different stamps—including this super Churchill, Montgomery, Alanbrooke

historic meeting commemorative. Collection also includes Israel, etc. Free to everyone asking to see the famous Sterling Square Deal Approvals without obligation. Just send 4d to cover postage. Please tell your parents.

STERLING Stamp Service
Dept. 864, Lancing, Sussex



DAZED AS HE WAS, NUTTY WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF A SPEEDING CAR...



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Natty Slack had beaten two wrestlers known as the Leopard-Men, despite being struck by a drug-coated dart which befuddled his senses. His friend, Clarence Todworthy, helped him to escape from angry gangsters who had put their money on the Leopard-Men to win. But Natty staggered into the road—straight in front of an oncoming car...

TO THE HORRIFIED CLARENCE, IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT THE GANGSTERS WERE ABOUT TO TAKE A GRIM REVENGE...

I DON'T KNOW... WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUT IT WILL... STRIKE ME IN... A... MINUTE!

NUTTY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS... THE GANGSTERS WILL RUN HIM DOWN!

BUT, AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND... THE HURTLING LIMOUSINE SCREECHED TO A HALT!

FLIPPIN'... ROAD-HOGS! GOOD JOB... I'M STILL ON THE... PAVEMENT!

IT'S NUTTY. ALL RIGHT! WE'VE FOUND HIM AT LAST, FELLERS!

VROOOOOOM!

CLARENCE INSTANTLY RECOGNISED THE MEN WHO LEAPT FROM THE CAR...

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S HIRAM T. GRENBACHER AND HIS FRIENDS - THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES WHO BROUGHT US TO NEW YORK ON THEIR LUXURY PLEASURE YACHT!

IT WAS THEN THAT THE GENTLE GRAPPLER FINALLY COLLAPSED...

AAAAUUUUUH!



SOMEHOW, THE AMERICANS STRUGGLED OUT FROM BENEATH NUTTY'S STILL FRAME...

TARNATION! THE POOR GUY SEEMS TO HAVE FAINTED! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM, CLARENCE?

HEY, NUTTY! AIN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE US, OLD SON?



ER... LACK OF PROPER FOOD AND NOURISHMENT I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN!

CLARENCE DECIDED NOT TO MENTION THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE GANGSTERS...



OKAY, YOU GUYS... BREAK IT UP!

THE POLICEMAN MEANT BUSINESS...

AND THAT MEANS YOU, BUD! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SLEEP IN THE STREET?

THWAAACK!

YEE-HAAAAAGH!

THAT BLOW ON HIS TENDER CORNS REVIVED NUTTY MUCH QUICKER THAN ANY DOCTOR COULD HAVE DONE...

WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN LEOPARD-MAN! I'LL TEACH YOU TO TAMPER WITH ME TENDER TOOTSIES..!

HELP! POLICE!

NUTTY, SNAP OUT OF IT! HE'S NOT A LEOPARD-MAN... THE FIGHT IS OVER!

WHASSAT? OER! S-SORRY, OFFICER! I'LL TAKE A THOUSAND TICKETS FOR THE POLICE BALL! HAH, HAH! ULLP!

YOU'LL GET A TICKET, ALL RIGHT... PLUS TWO YEARS IN JUS FOR ASSAULTING A COP!

NO! LET ME EXPLAIN..!

SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS ONLY THE INTERVENTION OF HIRAM T. GREENBACHER THAT SAVED NUTTY'S SKIN...

YOU MEAN THIS BIG APE IS A FRIEND OF YOURS, MISTER GREENBACHER?

SURE! HE'S JUST A BIT TEMPERAMENTAL. THAT'S ALL!

LET HIM OFF THIS ONCE, AND WE PROMISE HE WON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE!

AND SO...

PHIEEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! YOU SEEM TO MAKE A HABIT OF GETTING US OUT OF TROUBLE, MR. GREENBACHER!

I HAD A GOOD REASON, NUTTY! YOU AND CLARENCE COULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME!

ER...HOW DO YOU MEAN?

THE PALS' AMAZEMENT GREW AS THEIR JOURNEY ENDED OUTSIDE A MAGNIFICENT NEW YORK RESIDENCE...

CRUIKEY, WHAT'S THIS... A PUBLIC SWIMMING BATHS?

ER-NOT QUITE NUTTY! IT'S A KIND OF CELEBRATION PARTY!

YEAH! IN A FEW DAYS TIME, THESE PALS WILL START WORK ON MY LATEST, SUPER EPIC, WIDE-SCREEN, DOUBLE-VISION FEATURE FILM..!

...TAZA-LORD OF THE JUNGLE!

STONE ME! MR. GREENBACHER IS A FILM PRODUCER!

AND I WANT YOU, NUTTY, TO PLAY ONE OF THE STARRING ROLES! GET IT?

GOT IT!

GOOD GRIEF!

NUTTY SLACK — FILM STAR! SEE HIM IN ACTION NEXT WEEK, PALS — IT'S SENSATIONAL!

FISHBOY WAS IMPRISONED... WITHIN THE WEBBING OF A NET!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Stowing away on an aircraft which crash-landed near Venice, Fishboy dived for safety into the city's lagoon. But he became entangled in a fishing net...



NOT REALISING WHAT HAD HAPPENED, FISHBOY SOUGHT THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS UNDERWATER FRIENDS...



AS THE CRAYFISH EXPLAINED THE SITUATION IN THEIR STRANGE UNDERSEA LANGUAGE, FISHBOY GASPED...



ANGRY, THE YOUNGSTER TOOK IMMEDIATE ACTION...



UP ON THE DECK OF THE FISHING BOAT, TWO ITALIANS STARED AT THE WATER IN AMAZEMENT...



UNAWARE THAT HE HAD BEEN SEEN, FISHBOY STRUGGLED WITH THE NET, UNTIL AT LAST...



THE CRAYFISH WERE GIVING VENT TO AN ALARM CALL! TOO LATE, FISHBOY REALISED WHY THEY WERE TRYING TO WARN HIM...



WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE, THE FISHERMAN HAILED THE YOUNGESTER ON THE DECK...



FISHBOY FELL HEAVILY...AND FOUND HIMSELF AMONG FRIENDS!



ALL KINDS OF FISH SQUIRMED WEAKLY IN THE DARKNESS OF THE HOLD...



AND THEN, QUITE NEAR TO HIM, FISHBOY NOTICED SOMETHING...



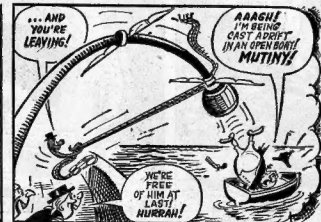
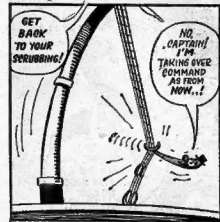
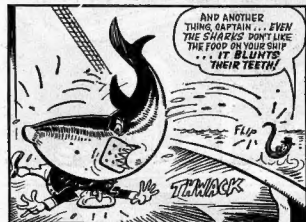
AN ELECTRIC EEL SLID FROM THE PILE OF FISH...



WHAT IS FISHBOY'S PLAN? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT THRILL-FILLED EPISODE!

MEET SAILOR 'FLETCHER' WORM — HE CAUSES HIS CAPTAIN TO KEEL OVER !

Wonder Worm



GO WEST WITH A BRAVE WORM NEXT WEEK... AND HIT THE LAUGHTER TRAIL !

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie* *Peace*



Charlie Peace, arch-criminal of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which had transported him forward to the present day. He found his old hide-out unchanged and decided to continue his notorious career of crime in the new age...

ONE AFTERNOON, CHARLIE SETTLED HIMSELF IN HIS FAVOURITE ARMCHAIR FOR A REST. BUT SUDDENLY...



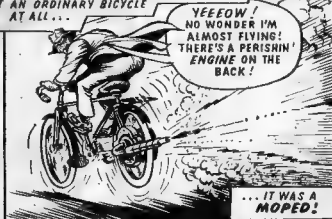
AS IT HAPPENED, FURNITURE REMOVERS WERE AT WORK IN A NEARBY STREET...

THIS ARMCHAIR'S THE LAST PIECE, BERT. WE CAN DRIVE TO THE NEW ADDRESS NOW...



PEACE PEDALLED FURIOUSLY... AND TO HIS ASTONISHMENT THE MACHINE SURGED FORWARD. IT WASN'T AN ORDINARY BICYCLE AT ALL...

YEEFOW!
NO WONDER I'M ALMOST FLYING! THERE'S A PERISHIN' ENGINE ON THE BACK!



OKAY, BERT, LET'S GO!



CHARLIE GOT OFF, ALL RIGHT— BUT NOT IN THE MANNER HE WOULD HAVE LIKED...



EVEN AS THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN SHOOK OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE CRASH, HE SAW A WAY TO TURN THE SITUATION TO HIS ADVANTAGE. AN AGONISING CRY RANG FROM HIS LIPS...

OI! STOP!
YOU'VE BACKED RIGHT INTO ME!
'ELP!







THE CHAIR SHOT CLEAN THROUGH THE SHOP DOOR...

STOP THAT THIEF! HE'S RUNNING OFF WITH MY SWIVEL CHAIR!

SWIPE ME SILLY, YOU'VE GOT IT THE WRONG WAY ROUND, MATEY! YOUR FLIPPIN' CHAIR'S RUNNING OFF WIV ME!



THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN HURLED INTO A SIDE STREET...

HELP!

AMAZING! MUST BE SOME SORT OF PUBLICITY STUNT TO TEMPT PEOPLE TO PART-EXCHANGE THEIR OLD FURNITURE!



SOME MINUTES PASSED BEFORE CHARLIE CRAWLED INDIGNANTLY OUT OF THE DUSTBIN...

I'LL HAVE YOUR NEW FURNITURE DELIVERED RIGHT AWAY, SIR! THIS IS A SPLENDID STROKE OF BUSINESS!

OI, AND WOT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET NOTHIN' OUT OF THIS EXCEPT A FLIPPIN' 'EADACHE?



A PASSING CAR STRUCK THE CHAIR A GLANCING BLOW, AND SET IT SPINNING...

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!

OOOOOOER! THIS PERISHIN' CHAIR DOES EVERYTHIN' EXCEPT FLY!



OWWWWWW!

I SAY, I RECOGNISE YOU! YOU'RE THE FURNITURE SHOP MANAGER! YOUR STUNT REMINDS ME, I'VE GOT SOME OLD VICTORIAN JUNK I WANT TO TURF OUT!



HMM, I SUPPOSE YOU DID HELP TO CLINCH THE DEAL! HERE... YOU CAN HAVE THIS VICTORIAN ANTIQUE FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

STONE ME! ALL THAT HARD WORK, AND I END UP WIV AN EVEN CRUMBIER CHAIR THAN I STARTED WIV!



CHARLIE CARRIED THE TATTY OLD CHAIR BACK TO HIS HIDE-OUT, GRUMBLING BITTERLY...

GRRRR! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WEEP! 'ERE... BUT WHAT'S THIS THAT'S POPPED OUT OF THE LINING!



CHARLIE'S ANGRY KICK HAD DISLODGED A BUNDLE OF YELLOWING PAPER FROM THE CHAIR...

BANKNOTES... LOADS OF 'EM! THEY MUST'VE BEEN 'IDDEN AWAY INSIDE THE OLD CHAIR FOR YEARS... JUST WAITIN' FOR CHARLIE TO COLLECT!



PEOPLE CAN KEEP THEIR NEW-FANGLED FURNITURE! THERE'S REAL MONEY IN THE GOOD OLD ANTIQUES THEY MADE IN MY DAY... AND THAT'S A FACT! HUR, HUR!

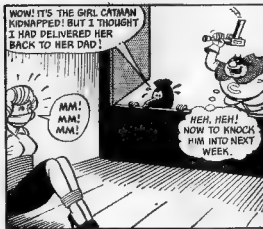
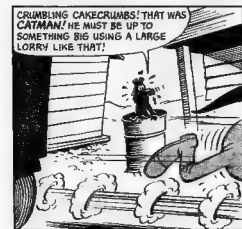
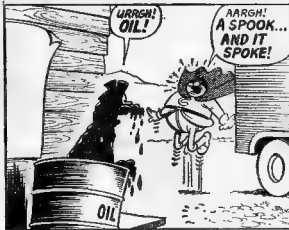
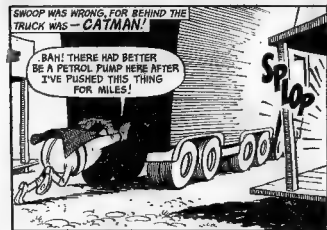
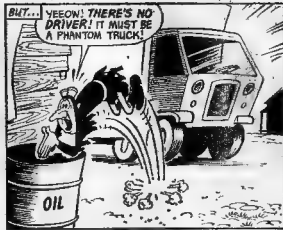
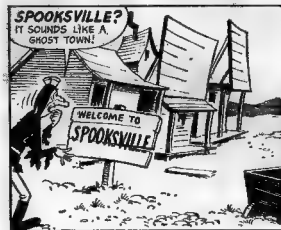
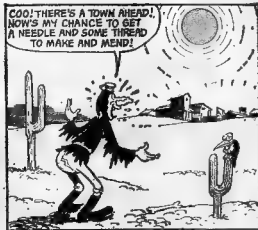
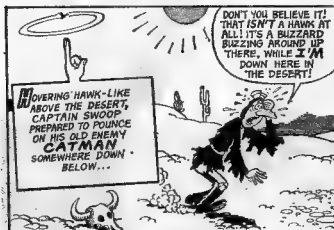
ANOTHER ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE OF THE MASTER-THIEF IN NEXT MONDAY'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

CAPTAIN SWOOP GIVES CATMAN THE SLIP... BY JUMPING INTO SOME OIL!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



SWOOP'S ABOUT TO GET IT IN THE NECK! WILL THINGS BE BROUGHT TO A HEAD? SEE NEXT WEEK!

CORGI TOYS EXCLUSIVE!

'TAKE-OFF' WHEELS and four built-in 'GOLDEN JACKS'



ROVER 2000 T.C. Here it is—the second Corgi model with 'Golden Jacks' and interchangeable wheels. (You've already got the Mini Marcos, of course!) And with this great model you'll find a *spare* wheel neatly housed on the boot. Other super details include a Triplex sunroof, jewelled headlights, suspension, plated trim and authentic Rover wheel hubs.
No. 275 Length 3½"



Just lower the appropriate jack to support the chassis and slip the wheel on or off.

You will also want some spare interchangeable wheels, too. The following sets are now available:
For the Pack of 12 Rover wheels Price 2/- or individually at 2d each. No. 1361 Pack of 12 Mini Marcos wheels Price 2/- or individually at 2d each.



**ALSO
NEW**

POLICE PANDA IMP

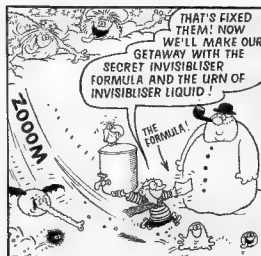
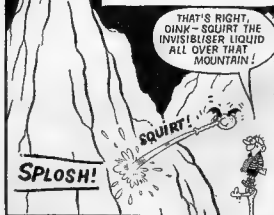
Crewed by two policemen, this model features blue beacon, jewelled headlights, remote controlled folding rear seat and opening rear window. And, as with every Corgi model, super authenticity!
No. 506 Length 3½"

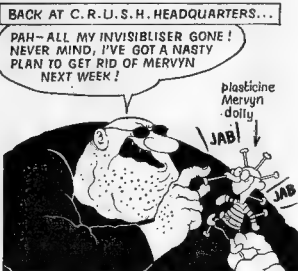
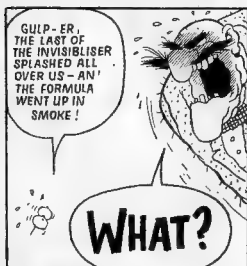
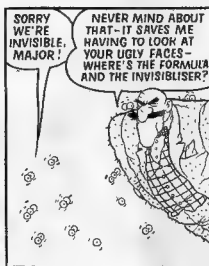
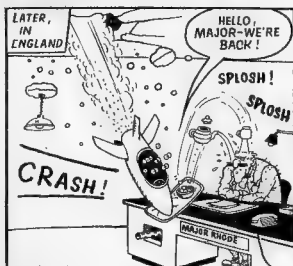
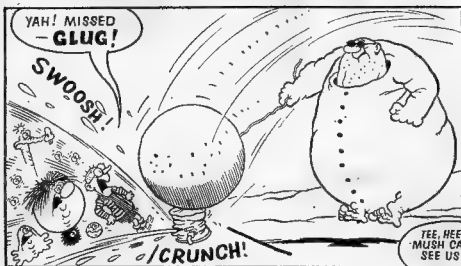
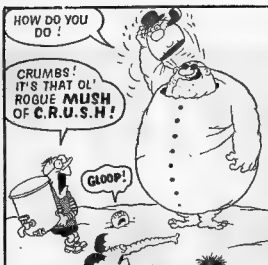
 CORGI TOYS

TROUBLE IS "MOUNTAIN" FOR THE YETIS — THANKS TO AN INVISIBLISER FLUID!

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy agent of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), and his strange pals had recovered an urn of invisibliser liquid, together with the secret formula, from the yetis of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). Then came a chance to make good their escape ...

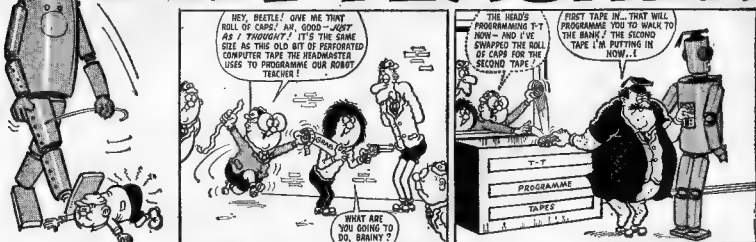




WHAT A CARRY-ON! -AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THIS TALE DOES IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THIS STORY CAPS EVERYTHING... BANK ON T-T TO STEAL THE LAUGHS!

TIN TEACHER

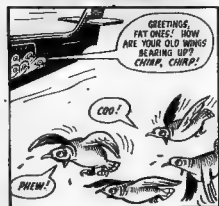
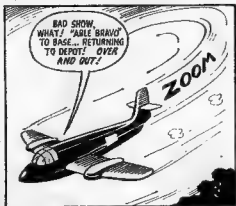


NEXT WEEK, THE HOLIDAY ABROAD BEGINS WITH A BOAT TRIP! OCEANS OF FUN, PALS!

THE BUDGIES KEEP UP THEIR WINNING WAYS—AGAINST SOME PIGEONS!



FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



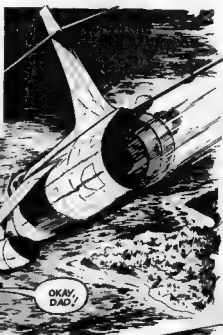
A CAT CREEPS IN TO GET FREDDY'S FEATHERED FRIENDS IN A FLAP NEXT MONDAY!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel had become the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon by uttering certain key words. Micky's scientist father feared that five eggs, discovered by a friend of his in South America, might hatch out into baby prehistoric monsters. Whilst on their way to warn the man, the Marvels' aqua-bus was attacked by two mysterious jet-fighters...



MICKY HAD ALREADY UTTERED THE CODE-WORDS WHICH TRANSFORMED THE MULTI-GUN INTO A SUPER-POWERED WEAPON. THEN, AS DR MARVEL HURLED THE AQUA-BUS INTO A STEEP, BANKING TURN...

HERE COMES THE FIRST ONE, MICKY! GET READY TO OPEN FIRE AS SOON AS I GIVE YOU THE WORD!

OKAY, DAD!

BRR-AAK! THAKKA-THAKKA-THAKKA!

NOW!

THE PILOT OF THE ATTACKING JET-FIGHTER GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE AS ANOTHER PIERCING BULLET THWARTED INTO HIS COCKPIT...



WELL DONE, MICKY! YOU STERILIZED HIM SO MUCH, HIS FIRST SALVO ANSWERED US COMPLETELY!

THAT'S THE FIRST ROUND TO US, DAD!

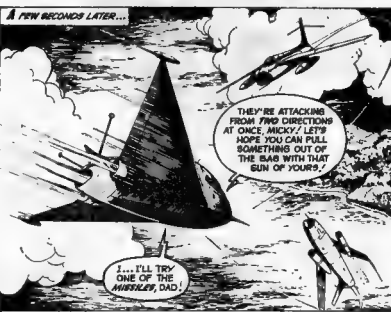
BUT THE PILOT OF THE OTHER PLANE HAD SPOTTED THE BARREL-FLASH OF THE MULTI-GUN. HE IMMEDIATELY INFORMED HIS FELLOW FLYER...



IT SEEMS THEY HAVE SOME FURY WEAPON MOUNTED IN THE TURRET, ZINN ONE! I WILL DRAW ITS FIRE, WHILE YOU GO IN AND FINISH THEM OFF!

UNDERSTOOD, ZINN TWO!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...



THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM TWO DIRECTIONS AT ONCE, MICKY! LET'S HOPE YOU CAN PULL SOMETHING OUT OF THE BAG WITH THAT GUN OF YOURS!

I... I'LL TRY ONE OF THE MISSILES, DAD!

"THE CABLE-BOMB... TO BE USED DURING AERIAL COMBAT." GOODWINGS KNOWS HOW IT WORKS. BANJO, BUT IT MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE.



FEVERISHLY, MICKY CLIPPED THE WEIRD MISSILE INTO THE MULTI-GUN'S MAIN PROJECTOR-BARREL...

THEY'LL BE EXPECTING US TO RUN FOR IT, MICKY... BUT I'M GOING TO STEER THE AQUA-BUS STRAIGHT AT ONE OF THOSE JETS!

I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT BEFORE HE REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MICKY WAITED UNTIL THE LAST SECOND... AND THEN HE PRESSED THE FIRING-BUTTON!

GOLLY! THE BOMB'S FALLING APART... IT'S UNLEASHING A GREAT MESS OF WEIGHTED CABLES!

FZZZZOINN!!!

AOW!

THE COILS ARE WRAPPING THEMSELVES AROUND THE ENEMY FIGHTER—TEARING ITS WINGS AND CONTROLS TO FRAGMENTS!

THE PILOT OF THE DOOMED PLANE TOOK THE ONLY COURSE OPEN TO HIM...

THERE GOES THE EJECTOR-SEAT... THE PILOT'S BALING-OUT!

LOOK! HE'S WEARING SOME KIND OF MASK!

THAT FACE CUT-OUT... IT'S IN THE SHAPE OF A LETTER 'Z'!

OF COURSE! 'Z' FOR ZINN—DR. ZINN, OUR OLD ENEMY, MICKY...

THE MOST DANGEROUS, POWER-SEEKING GENIUS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, HE MUST HAVE HAD THOSE JETS TO INTERCEPT US!

THERE'S STILL ONE OF THEM LEFT, DAD... AND HERE IT COMES NOW!

WITH FRANTIC SPEED, MICKY MARVEL ADJUSTED THE GAUGE THAT CONTROLLED THE MULTI-GUN'S RAY-PROJECTOR...

I'LL SWITCH IT TO 'ULTRA-BONK'!... WHATEVER THAT MEANS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

Continued overleaf...

NEXT SECOND...



THE SURVIVING JET PLANE
KLEEN STRAIGHT INTO
FEARFUL CYCLONE OF SOUND!

THE PLANE'S VIBRATING
LIKE CRAZY! THE P-BOCK
WAVES OF SOUND ARE
SH-SHAKING IT TO
P-P-PIECES!



SOON, ALL THAT REMAINED THE MARYELS OF THE DEADLY ATTACK
WAS A PAIR OF DRIFTING PARACHUTES...



SOME TIME LATER,
AS THE ROCH-BUS
FLEN IN LOW ACROSS
THE GREAT
AMAZONIAN RAIN-
FORESTS...



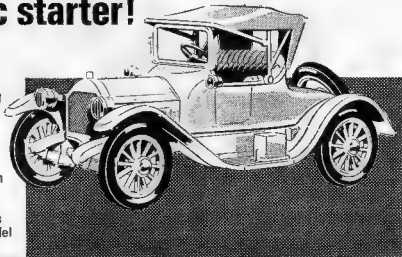
WILL ADRIAN MARVEL BE PROVED RIGHT? MORE THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

"MATCHBOX" tell you about cars



This Cadillac was one of the first cars with an electric starter!

Cadillac of Detroit U.S.A. were the first car manufacturers to put electric starters in their cars in 1912. Before this a starting handle you turned by hand was used. Cadillacs were fine cars in every way. In 1913 they produced the first car with a V8 engine—a very good engine even today. Cadillacs were to become the best cars in America. They were in great demand and were renowned for extremely high quality workmanship, and cost less than a comparable Ford. Later on millionaires had Cadillacs made to their requirements, but this two seater runabout is very different from the big ones we see today. It's compact and smart with shiny coach lamps and plush red seats. You can get a super little Matchbox model of this 1913 Cadillac for just 5/8d from your Matchbox Shop.



Y-6 Cadillac—Price 5/8 Shiny old car with coach lamps, spare wheel and hood.

MB26 GMC Tipper Truck—Price 2/3 Super Tipper with engine under the cab and a back that really tips!

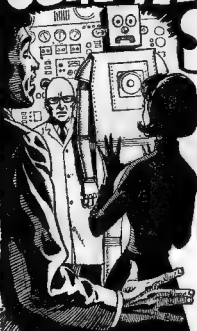
1988 New Matchbox Collector's Catalogue 3d. from your Matchbox Shop! or send a 4d. stamp to Dept. B2



LESNEY PRODUCTS & CO. LTD., Lee Conservancy Road, London, E.9.

"MATCHBOX"

JOIN THE OVALTINERS CLUB SECRET AGENT COMPETITION



You've seen Secret Agent stories on TV and read about their exciting lives—but have you ever written a Secret Agent adventure story? Here's a chance to write a Secret Agent's story and win a super prize. Finish this story in not more than 500 words and send it to The Ovaltiners Club Secret Agent Story Competition, 99, Park Lane, London W.1.

NOW! Ovaltiners finish this story. Secret Agent O.V. and his assistant Tina knew that split-second timing was vital if their mission was to succeed. While Tina was photographing the secret formula in Professor von Zoski's laboratory, O.V. must set the explosive charges that would destroy the mad scientist's plans to control the world with his army of robots. Silently O.V. and Tina moved towards the door of von Zoski's laboratory. O.V. began work on the lock while Tina kept watch. The lock clicked and the door swung open. Suddenly the lights

blazed on. Facing them was Prof. von Zoski and his robot guard. To his "Come in," my friends, we have been expecting you. (Finish the story in not more than 500 words). The competition will be judged in three age groups: 7 and under, 8 to 11, 12 and over. Print your name, address and age clearly at the top of your entry. Prizes will be awarded to the stories which in the opinion of the judges are considered best in each age group. Win a miniature spy camera! 1st prize in each age group—miniature spy camera. 2nd prize in each age group

—£5 Premium Bond. 100 runners up in each age group will win a Secret Agent Invisible Message Pen. This Secret Agent Competition is open only to Ovaltiners Club members. Are you a member yet? If not complete the application form and send it with your entry. Competition entries must be received by May 8th and entries cannot be returned. The judges' decision is final. Full rules and list of winners available at The Ovaltiners Club, 99, Park Lane, London W.1.

SECRET AGENT PEN

This fabulous Secret Agent Pen writes invisibly—but you can reveal the hidden message when you know the secret. Send for your Secret Agent Pen today!

Please write in CAPITAL letters. Please send me a Secret Agent Invisible Message Pen. I enclose a postal order for 2/- and a label from a tin of Ovaltine

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BUS _____

How to join the Ovaltiners Club

Fill in the coupon and enclose a postal order for 2/6d. plus a label from any tin of Ovaltine. Within days you will receive The Ovaltiners Club Badge; Member's Wallet; Membership Card; details of the Ovaltiners Photostamp offer

To: The Ovaltiners Club, 99, Park Lane, London, W.1. I wish to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose a 2/6d. postal order made out to "The Ovaltiners Club" plus an Ovaltine label. (Please write in CAPITAL letters)

FIRST NAMES _____

SURNAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

BUS/5

WHEEL TO WHEEL, THE TWO RACERS FLASHED OVER THE FINISH LINE!



The SKID KIDS



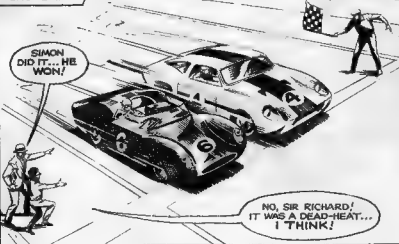
Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, were in Italy where they used a borrowed car to enter a special race. Prizes of five hundred pounds for the winner and one hundred for the fastest lap had been offered by Sir Richard Standard. Simon fought for the lead with a rival

ON THE FINISHING STRAIGHT...



HE'S HOLDING MY CHALLENGE... I-I CAN'T GET PAST!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE CHECKERED FLAG FELL...



SIMON DID IT... HE WON!

NO, SIR RICHARD! IT WAS A DEAD-HEAT... I THINK!

BUT THEY WERE BOTH WRONG...



A SENSATIONAL FINISH-AND THE RACE WAS WON BY CARL MODERHEIM BY INCHES! SO THE GERMAN WINS THE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS FIRST PRIZE AND SIMON STARR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THE FASTEST LAP!

I SAY... WHAT BAD LUCK! I THOUGHT SIMON HAD DONE IT!

OH, WELL! NEVER MIND... ONE HUNDRED POUNDS WILL BE USEFUL, ANYWAY! PAY UP, SIR RICHARD! HA, HA!

LATER...



YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL, LADS! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW?

OH, WE'LL GO BACK HOME, SIR... WE'VE GOT A GARAGE TO MANAGE IN ENGLAND, YOU KNOW! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

NEXT DAY...



HERE WE ARE... HOME, SWEET HOME!

WE'RE A HUNDRED POUNDS BETTER OFF THAN WHEN WE LEFT... MAYBE WE CAN SAVE A LITTLE MORE AND BUY ANOTHER OLD CAR OR SOMETHING SOON!

A WEEK PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND EVERYTHING SEEMED JUST ROUTINE...



HUH! I'M BORED! WE HAVEN'T HAD A CUSTOMER FOR HOURS. BRAINBOX! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OH, JUST MESSING AROUND... TINKERING WITH THIS MOPED ENGINE!

RIGHT, I'LL MAKE MYSELF USEFUL, TOO, AND PREPARE SOME GRUB... NOW ABOUT SAUSAGES AND MASH?



SUITS ME! I'VE FINISHED HERE, ANYWAY!

BUT ON OPENING THE LARDER,
SIMON GOT A SURPRISE...



HE BUZZED AWAY FROM THE GARAGE UNNOTICED...



SIMON OPENED THE THROTTLE WIDE...

HOWLING
CARBURETTORS...
WHAT'S HE DONE
TO IT?



FARTHER DOWN THE ROAD...



SIMON FAIRLY FLEW INTO THE VILLAGE...



GRR, YOU MENACE...
I'LL HAVE THE LAW
ON YOU!

COR, LOOK AT THAT
BIKE, HUM... IT'S A
RECORD-BREAKER!

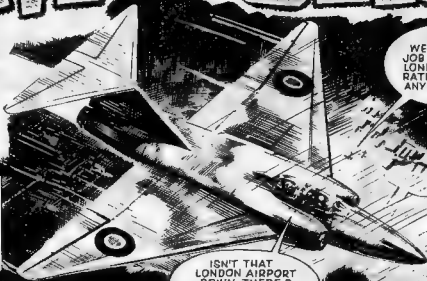
WELL, DON'T ASK ME TO BUY YOU
ONE... YOU'RE RECKLESS ENOUGH
ON YOUR SCOOTER!



CAN NOTHING HALT THE RUNAWAY MOPED? DON'T MISS NEXT MONDAY'S ALL-ACTION EPISODE!

PERIL FROM BELOW

During oil drilling operations in the Welsh hills, led by Dr. Dick Rivers, huge insects emerged from the depths and began terrorising the countryside. Dick believed that the ultra-violet rays of the sun were fatal to the giant creatures, so he assembled a ray device to combat the menace and flew to the panic-stricken London area . . .



HECK!
WE'LL HAVE A
JOB SPOTTING
LONDON AT THIS
RATE, LET ALONE
ANY CREATURES!

THE WEATHER WORSENE
AS THE BIG FIGHTER
BLAZED ITS WAY TOWARDS
LONDON. HEAVY RAIN
BEAT DOWN ON THE
COCKPIT CANOPY AND LOW
CLOUDS OBSCURED THE
VIEW OF DR. DICK RIVERS
AND THE PILOT.

ISN'T THAT
LONDON AIRPORT
DOWN THERE?
WE CAN'T BE FAR
FROM
HAMMERSMITH!

MEANWHILE, HAVOC REIGNED
IN HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY...

RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, AFTER LOSING
THEMSELVES IN THE CLOUD, DICK
RIVERS AND THE PILOT ARRIVED OVER
THE SCENE...

BY GLORY!
THERE'S AT
LEAST A DOZEN
DOWN THERE! CAN
YOU LINE US UP
FOR A RUN IN
ON THEM?

SURE,
DOC! I'LL
TRY A LONG
LOW
SHALLLOW
DIVE ON
'EM!

USUALLY AN AIRCRAFT OF THAT
SIZE FLYING SO LOW OVER
HAMMERSMITH WOULD HAVE
CAUSED HEADS TO BE RAISED,
BUT NOBODY PAUSED TO LOOK
UP IN THEIR PANIC.

TAKE
COVER! I HEAR
AN AIRCRAFT; THERE
MIGHT BE SOME
SHOOTING!

AS THE FIGHTER
TURNED, THE BOMB
DOORS WERE OPENED
AND A STRANGE
BATTERY OF LAMPS
CAME INTO VIEW...

LAMPS
LOWERED!
READY WHEN
YOU ARE!

OKAY, DOC—
HERE GOES!
GOOD LUCK TO
YOUR GADGET!

AND AS THE BIG AIRCRAFT THUNDERED OVER THE ROOF-TOPS A GREAT BEAM OF ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT STABBED THROUGH THE RAIN.

LAMPS ON!

BELOW, THE BIG CREATURES REARED UP AS THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE GLARE. . .

IS IT WORKING P

HARD TO SAY, DOC!

A MOMENT LATER THE JAVELIN WAS CLIMBING AWAY. ITS POWERFUL ENGINES SHAKING THE BUILDINGS BELOW. . .

DARN THIS WEATHER! I CAN'T SEE A THING BACK THERE!

AND AS THE BIG PLANE RETURNED TO FARNBOROUGH, PEOPLE AT HAMMERSMITH WERE STARING WITH AWE DOWN AT THE WET ROAD. . .

IT'S THOSE CREATURES! ALL RIGHT! BUT THEY'VE SHRUNK AND THEY'RE DEAD!

IT'S REALLY CLAMPING DOWN! SORRY, DOC - WE'D BETTER GET BACK!

AND WHEN DICK RIVERS ARRIVED BACK AT FARNBOROUGH...

YAHOO! YOU'VE DONE IT, DICK! THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS FINISHED 'EM OFF AS QUICK AS A FLASH!

CONGRATULATIONS, DOC!

IT'S THE ANSWER, ALL RIGHT. WHITEHALL HAVE ISSUED A PRIORITY ORDER TO MAKE HUNDREDS OF LAMPS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOU'RE A BIT OF A HERO NOW, OLD BOY!

AND THAT NIGHT ON TELEVISION. . .

... THANKS TO THIS BRILLIANT SCIENTIST'S DISCOVERY, ENGLAND WILL SOON BE FREE OF THE PERIL NOW OVER TO DR. MOND MATED WHO IS WITH AN ARMY UNIT FITTED WITH ONE OF THE NEW WEAPONS!

AND YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO SEE AN ULTRA-VIOLET BATTERY GO INTO ACTION! MY GOODNESS, IT HAD TO BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED!

THANKS TO DR. RIVERS, WE WILL SOON BE SLEEPING HAPPIER IN OUR BEDS. WE TRIED TO CONTACT THE HERO OF THE HOUR, BUT HE HAS DISAPPEARED IN THE LIME LIGHT, AND GONE TO GROUND SOMEWHERE!

WHICH INDEED DICK RIVERS HAD.

BEATING THEM ABOVE GROUND ISN'T THE ANSWER! FOR EVERY HUNDRED THAT APPEAR THERE MAY BE A THOUSAND WAITING BELOW!

YOU MEAN GO DOWN INTO THE EARTH AND FIGHT THEM THERE P

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!

CAN THE SCIENTIST SUCCEED IN HIS MAMMOTH TASK? READ NEXT WEEK'S ACTION-PACKED CONTINUATION!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:
"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

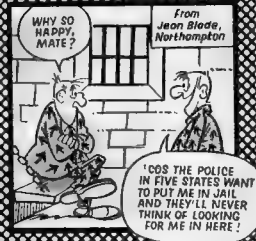
A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

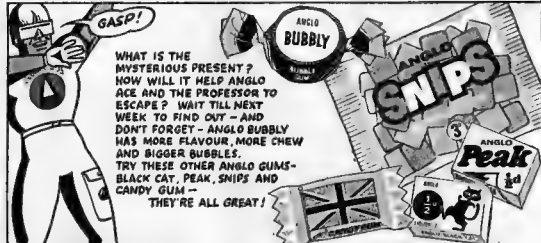
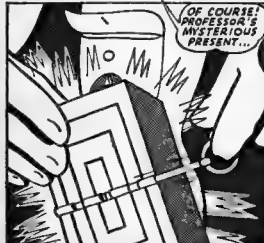
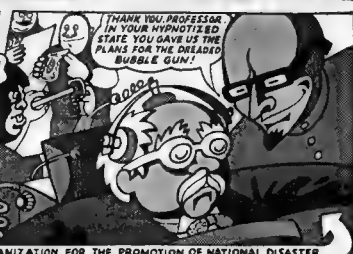
MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

1
2
3
If I win the gift I choose it:

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD



This advertisement is another in the series of Anglo Ace adventures from Anglo



ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

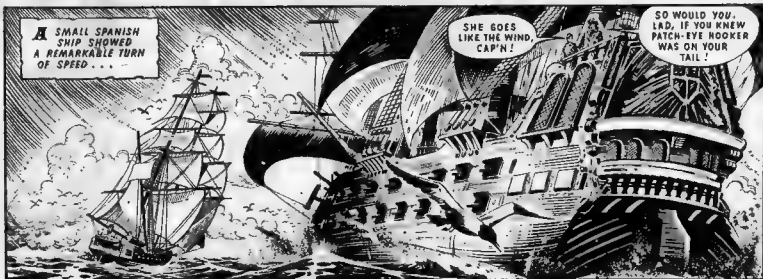


PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

BESIDES BOASTING THAT HE WAS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE TO SAIL THE CARIBBEAN SEA, PATCH-EYE HOOKER ALSO CLAIMED THAT NO SHIP HE PURSUED EVER ESCAPED. BUT ONE DAY IT SEEMED TO CABIN BOY WILL BARBER THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS GOING TO BE PROVED WRONG ON THE SECOND COUNT...

A SMALL SPANISH SHIP SHOWED A REMARKABLE TURN OF SPEED...



SHE GOES LIKE THE WIND, CAP'N!

SO WOULD YOU, LAD, IF YOU KNEW PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS ON YOUR TAIL!

BUT HOW DO THEY KNOW IT IS YOU AND NOT SOME OTHER PIRATE, CAP'N?

HAVE A PEEP AT OUR JOLLY ROGER, YOUNG WILL!



NOW WHO COULD FAIL TO RECOGNISE THAT, LAD?

THEY'RE PUTTING ON MORE SAIL! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW, CAP'N!



HEH, HEH! HURRY BELOW AND GET MY PISTOLS, 'LAD! I'LL BE BOARDING HER VERY SHORTLY, I PROMISE YOU!

AND AS WILL RETURNED ON DECK HE LOOKED ACROSS TO THE SPANISH SHIP...

BY GLORY! SHE TRIED TO CRAM ON SO MUCH SAIL THAT SHE'S DESTROYED HERSELF!

HEH, HEH! I KNEW SHE WOULD!



STAND BY, BOARDING PARTY! WE'LL EMPTY THE CRAFT OF LOOT, THEN SINK THE HULK!

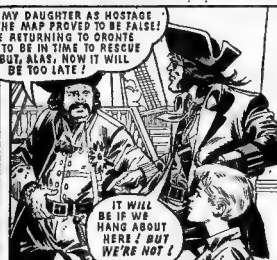
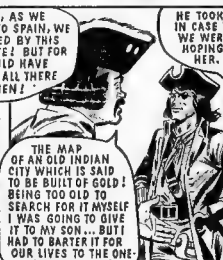
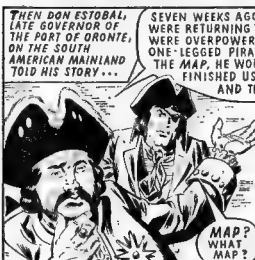
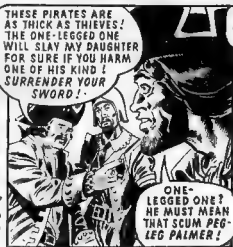
WAIT, CAP'N! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU PROMISED TOBIAS FLAGON!



YOU SAID YOU WOULD FETCH HIM THE HULL OF A STRICKEN SHIP SOMETIME SO THAT HE COULD COMPLETE HIS MOST CHERISHED INVENTION!

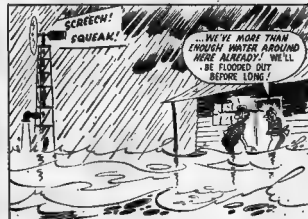
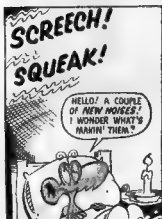
AH—SO I DID, WILL? AS SOON AS WE'VE CLEANED HER OUT WE'LL TAKE HER IN TOW!





CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE





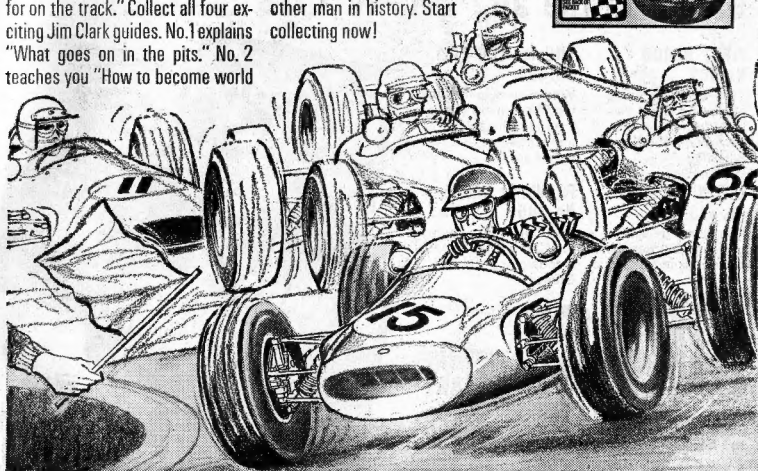
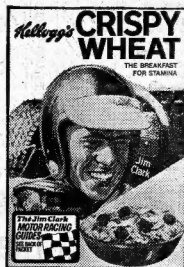
COLLECT ALL FOUR Jim Clark Guides to Motor Racing WITH KELLOGG'S CRISPY WHEAT

"You're braking hard into a right-hander at 140 m.p.h., and somebody waves a yellow flag at you. What do you do?" *Be prepared to stop.* But do you know why?

You can find out by reading Guide No. 4. It tells you "What to look out for on the track." Collect all four exciting Jim Clark guides. No. 1 explains "What goes on in the pits." No. 2

champion" and No. 3 describes "Driving a Grand Prix car."

You'll find all four guides on the back of Crispy Wheat packets. They come straight to you from Jim Clark, the British driver who has won more Grand Prix races than any other man in history. Start collecting now!





TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

The President's Twin.

TOM ARTO was in his office busy playing "Snakes and Ladders" with his cat. He was feeling very pleased because he had beaten the cat twice, having dashed up two ladders whilst the cat snaked under the settee after a mouse.

Suddenly, the door opened and Tom's new aide entered.

"Urgent message, sir," he said. "The President of Lumbago wants your assistance."

"I haven't got any sisters," replied Tom.

"Neither has he," went on Tom's assistant.

"But he's got a brother."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Tom.

"He and his brother are like two peas," came the reply.

"You mean they're both green?" asked Tom.

"No, sir, they are both the same."

"The same as what?"

"The same as two peas."

"Just a minute," said Tom. "Are we talking about blokes or vegetables?"

"Blokes, sir. Chaps."

"Well, what about 'em?" asked Tom.

"They're twins, sir. You can't tell 'em apart because they're so alike."

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Tom.

"The president is ashamed of the fact that his brother is a burglar," said the assistant.

"And his brother is jealous of his twin being president. The burglar one keeps riding round all day pretending to be president and getting the cheers. When the real president goes out, nothing happens."

"They think he's the burglar, eh?" said Tom.

"No, sir. They think he's the same bloke coming round a second time, and, as they've already cheered once, they don't feel like doing it again. They don't know there are two of 'em. The president has kept it quiet on account of his brother's profession."

"He should be glad," said Tom. "It saves him a lot of work."

"Something must be done, sir," said the assistant. "Otherwise the president might as well leave his job and become a burglar like his brother. Then there's always the danger that they might rob the same house and the police might think they've caught the same man twice."

"Pack my bag at once!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, sir," said the assistant, departing.

Tom and the cat returned to their game, and the poor moggie lost eight lives when he saw the state of the board.

Tom won easily and drank the cat's milk.

The next week, Tom arrived in Lumbago and met the president. Tom eyed him with interest.

"My assistant has misled me," he said. "He told me you were like a pea. A pea is small, round and green. You are large, oblong and pink in colour."

"It's my brother that's like a pea," explained the president. "I'm like him."

"Ah, that explains it, I suppose," said Tom.

"Now what can I do for you?"

"My brother impersonates me. They all think he's the president. I can't go out to do anything without finding that he has already done it. Can you help?"

"Yes, I think so," said Tom. "There's only one thing for it. One of you must be altered."

"I mustn't be altered. The people all know me and what I look like. They've got used to me."

Tom laughed.

"Isn't it marvellous what they can get used to?" he said. "Where will your brother be now?"

"Well, today I am unveiling a monument to a man who has unveiled monuments to men. It's a thousand to one my brother will get there first and do the job before I have a chance."

"Leave it to me," said Tom. "I'll fix him!"

So saying, Tom went along to the unveiling ceremony and, sure enough, there was a man there who looked exactly like the president, pulling a piece of string and making a speech.

When the excitement had died down, Tom approached the burglar.

"I know you," he said.

"Everybody does," said the other, with a smile.

"Everybody doesn't," snapped Tom. "They think you are the president."

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Tom, choosing his words carefully, "you are nothing like him."

"What? Impossible!"

"Didn't you know," said Tom, "that your brother has grown whiskers?"

"It's a trick to stop him looking like me!" burst out the impostor. "Very well, I'll grow whiskers, too!"

"You can't—not like his whiskers," said Tom.

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Because his whiskers are purple. Nobody else has got 'em that colour."

"Where can I get some?" pleaded the twin.

"I am the only one who has the seeds," said Tom. "I've just fixed your brother's face."

"Fix mine."

"Very well," said Tom.

They went to the burglar's house and Tom got to work.

And that is why the president is now as popular as ever.

His brother dare not come out in public because, thanks to Tom's activities, instead of growing purple whiskers as he had expected, he has sprouted grass around his chin.

Nowadays, instead of visiting a barber for a trim, he calls in a gardener. No wonder he's "for-lawn!"

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in next week's "BUSTER AND GIGGLE"!)

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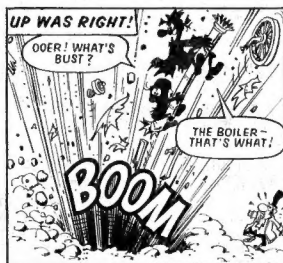
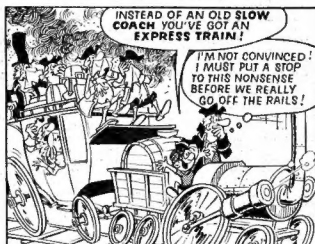
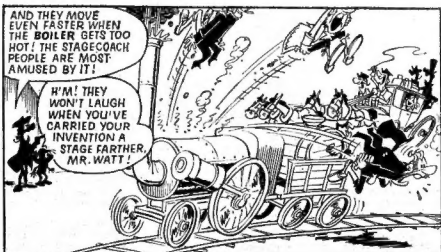
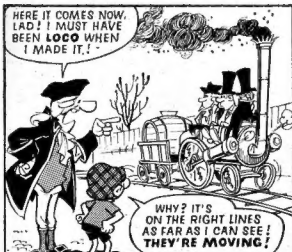
Their job was to stem the Nazi tide in the bloodstained arena of Greece.



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